The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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WARREN'S VIEWS ON A SECOND MARRIAGE ARE **EMPHATIC AND BRUTALLY FRANK**

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be prejudiced." 'Why?" destrolled on through the listless quiet of a Sunday afternoon. "Every-

an." "But it's been

barely a year! They might have waited a little longer." "What for? If he's lonely and with that big barn of a house-why should

he wait? Just to satisfy a few cack-

ling old women." "Oh, I know," conceded Helen, "but I can't help but-"

"Now see here, we're calling on the new Mrs. Dawson—get those ideas out of your head. Dawson was mighty didn't look like that." good to his first wife, and his marrying again is nobody's business but his own. Hold up, isn't this the house?"

It was a four-story brownstone. with a square bay window, a stone balustrade and an air of substantial dignity.

They were ushered into the long, high-cellinged front parlor with its center chandeller, marble mantel and heavy black walnut furniture.

The last time they had been in that had stood in the back parlor, just beyond the folding doors. Helen could in his. I can't forget that." see it now-the lusterless black cloth, the silver handles, and the white flowers banked from the floor.

"It seems good to see you people again," was Mr. Dawson's cordial expected in this young and attractive greeting. "Come upstairs and meet Irene. We have our sitting room up there now.'

They followed him up the curved stairway to the large front room which had always been the guest

With very evident pride, Mr. Dawwoman who came forward to meet them.

had been almost forty and inclined to stoutness.

"A very attractive room," Warren was saying to relieve an embarrassing pause. "They don't build them this

size any more." "Yes, we think it's more cheerful antly low. "It's so hard to do any- Then as he passed the door, "Aren't thing with those long front parlors, we going to have tea, Irene?" They're so stiff and formal-don't you

think?" "They are rather hopeless," admitted Helen, who was taking a flashing inventory. The room had been entirely done over and refurnished. Window seat, low bookcases, easy chairs, some gayly blooming geraniums and a bowl of cut flowers made it a very cheerful,

livable place. "Would you like to see the other rooms?" suggested Mrs. Dawson, when her husband and Warren had settled her back to the portrait.

themselves with cigars. She led the way through the hall into their bedroom. Helen caught her third story now. Going to have the breath at the transformation. White guest room up there." and old rose was the color scheme. Twin beds of ivory enamel with rosesatin comforters, a dressing table more in a few months than she had a-giltter with silver, the rugs, the in years. Had all her self-denial been hangings, even the lounging robe and only to contribute greater luxuries to slippers, were part of the atmosphere the woman who had taken her place?

of luxurious comfort. dark, plain room with its heavy oak when they finally came out in the bedroom set and assertively flowered gray chill of the late afternoon. "You carpet which had seemed all sufficient

to the late Mrs. Dawson. "I'm glad you like it," at Helen's murmured admiration. "It was so dark right. She's worked a great stunt on with those north windows-I had to that second floor-used to be a gloomy do something to lighten it. It's more old tomb." attractive at night," touching a switch at the door that lit up the lace-shaded

"Oh, how lovely! I didn't know you had electricity."

"We've just put it in. You can't do anything with gas. This is Mr. Dawson's room," opening a connecting door. of them brooding over the past." "His den, where he can throw things and be comfortably untidy."

It was a cheerful, mannish room, in warm reds and browns. On a magnzine-strewn table stood a shaded reading lamp, and beside it an easy leather chair. A moose head and some mounted horns, souvenirs of his hunting trips, were on the wall.

Over the mantel were the only things that Helen had so far recognized-an early portrait of the former Mrs. Dawson, and one of their only child, Rob- field-why should the second one be

"Yes, that is Mr. Dawson's little boy," flushing slightly, as she saw Helen's giance rest on the picture. "Diddid you ever see him?"

"Oh, yes, often. It's only been about two years since he died. He was sonal, are you? Well, don't worry, I'm drowned-but I suppose you know not so sure that I'd take another about that."

wanted to ask Mr. Dawson about it." courage to marry again-just remem-"It was while they were in the coun- ber that."

"Dear, I almost try. He was sailing a toy boat. They dread meeting never knew just how it happenedher. I know I'll

only the nurse was with him." Helen felt her tense interest and unspoken questions, but she shrank manded Warren from discussing the child. As they crisply, as they turned back into the bedroom, Mrs. Dawson paused by the window, nervously pulling at the shade cord.

"Those portraits were in this room but I couldn't bear that-so I hung them in there. Perhaps I shouldn't body says she's a speak of it, it may neem very selfishmighty fine wombut I want so much to hang the one of Mrs. Dawson down in the back parlor with the other family portraits. I can't bear to ask Mr. Dawson, but you've known them so long-do you think it would hurt him?"

"Oh, I don't know," faltered Helen in embarrassed surprise.

"It fairly haunts me-I can't bear to go in that room. She-she must have been very beautiful."

"That was painted when they were first married," unguardedly.

"Oh, she didn't?" turning eagerly.

'Was she-much different?" The picture of Mrs. Dawson as Helen knew her was very different from this idealized portrait of her youth. She knew that a frank description would ease this young bride's jealousy,

but she could not give it. "Forgive me-I shouldn't have asked. But you can't know how hard it is. I feel always that I've only a second place—that she was first. He's everyroom was at the funeral. The coffin thing to me, there was never anyone else in my life-but there has been

> feeling, almost of satisfaction. Instead of the proud, insolent security in her husband's love that she had woman, there was uncertainty and doubt, a brooding jealousy of a past that she could never share.

She had transformed the house, Lavishly she had spent time and money to obliterate the atmosphere of this room, Now it was wholly transformed. other woman. In these rooms there was nothing left as a reminder-except son introduced the slender, girlish the portrait, and that had now become a rankling obsession.

"Please don't think me unresponwith swift resentment. Mrs. Dawson the rose satin couch, "but you know I was very fond of Mrs. Dawson."

"Oh, I know, and I hope you won't misunderstand. But it's been very supreme in both arts. hard-coming in among all these associations. I almost wish we had given up the house and taken an apartment."

"Come back here and see my den,"

"Oh, of course," hastily. "I'll ring for it now."

"I say, this is a corking room," came Warren's voice. "No, thanks; I've smoked enough."

"Irene," called her husband, "let's have the tea served in here." "Oh, it's much nicer in the sitting

room." Then hastily, "but of course if you'd rather-" If was served in the den, but Helen

noticed that Mrs. Dawson sat with "Hasn't Irene worked wonders with this old house? We're going over the

Helen thought of Mrs. Dawson's rigid economy. They were spending

"Well, they seem to be hitting it off There was nothing to suggest the pretty well," was Warren's comment liked her, didn't you?"

"Yes, very much." "She's making him comfortable, all

"Oh, I know, but in a way I resent the changes. You'd think he'd have kept some of the old things. She even wants to hang away that por-

trait of Mrs. Dawson.' "Well, if it gets on her nerveswhy shouldn't she? No sense in either

With clutching depression Helen thought of her own picture in their bedroom. It was not a portrait, only a silver-framed photograph on Warren's chiffonier, but it had stood there ever since they were married.

"Then you think if a man marries again-that it's right to put out of sight everything that recalls the first

"I think a lot of this sentimentality is all rot. The first wife had a clear saddled with a batch of cold-storage memories?"

"Cold-storage memories! Warren, is that all it would mean-" She caught back the words.

"Eh? What's that? Oh, getting perchance. It's a mighty big compliment "I've heard something, but I've never to the first wife when a man has the

EASY TO TRAIN SHEPHERDS

ppies Soon Learn If They Are Placed With Ewes and the Lambs Taken Away.

It is easy enough to train shepherd dogs if they are taken as pup-When the sheep are lambling, take a lamb away from its mother and put the pupples on the ewe. Keep the ewe tied up for a few days and see that the little pupples nurse her; then it will not be long until she will of her lamb.

As soon as the pups are old enough to follow the sheep let them go with the bunch and they will soon be taking care of the sheep. The dogs will soon learn to take them out of the sheds in the morning and bring them back at night. And if a strange dog or wolf comes around, one dog will stay and fight while another will start the sheep for home. In lambing time they keep the sheep close around the ranch or camp, and seem to take on a degree of intelligence that is marvelous. They can soon be taught the master's calls or signals and will obey promptly. It is essential that they shall be fed by some sort of system, and it is well to have them understand that this is their reward. If one has a good working dog, it is surprising how readily a young animal will learn from the old one. But the masters do not always have an old dog, and then the trainer must play the dog himself and do a little running. Everyone has his own whistles or words of command, and a dog soon catches on .- Ex-

ARTISTS FAMOUS AS WRITERS

change.

Several of the Most Noted Novelists Deserted the Brush for Literary Work.

Several artists of note have been known to desert the brush for the pen, and when they have died they have left their mark behind them as literary men, observes an exchange. William de Morgan did this. He wrote the longest set of novels since Dickens and Thackeray "ceased firing," aithough he was an old man when he Helen was conscious of a curious took to the pen. George du Maurier was an artist who turned author after making a European fame with the pencil as a satirist of society. He suddenly startled the world with "Trilby," and set two continents comparing feet. With him novel-writing seemed his true forte, but he had started too late. He

only enjoyed his new fame a few years. Even Thackeray tried art before be found his true vocation, and he iliustrated several of his own books even then. A very piquant story tells of Thackerry calling on Charles Dickens to see if he could get the commission to illustrate one of his earlier novels, Her unexpected youth stabbed Helen sive," Helen was tracing a design on He had not written "Vanity Fair"

A very distinguished artist-aut was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was

Progress. Sending messages by lightning traveling at 40 miles to the hour, crossthan downstairs," her voice was pleas- Mr. Dawson's voice came from the hall. ing in a week the ocean which the Mayflower perilously breasted, in our sumptuous vessels, framed of iron, luxurious in appointment, propelled from within, and gay with color as so many swimming summer gardens-these applauded achievements do not tend of necessity to the upbuilding of nobler courage, to the development of a luminous moral wisdom, to the culture of even philosophical refinement, or the nurture of the temper of devout aspiration. On the other hand, do we not sometimes feel that virtue among us is coming to be too much a matter of manners; that the intense subjective processes from which august character is derived are in a measure being superseded by the mechanical contrivances and the physical successes with which our noisy years resound; and that the grand and lovely spirits, which are present still, and in which, whenever we touch them, we find strange charm and inspiration, are fewer and lonelier than they were? -Richard Slater Storrs.

Alphabet of the Soul.

Gesture's part in Oriental drama is set forth in a recent Hindu volume, which says that there is a fitting gesture to represent every emotion. The gesture, in fact, is described as a deaf and dumb alphabet of the soul. There are nine movements of the head, corresponding to nine emotions, mentioned by one authority, twenty-four by another; twenty-eight movements of the single hands, and twenty-four (or twenty-six) of the double hands, etc.; also "hands" denoting animals, trees, oceans, and other things. For example, a certain position of the hands denotes a certain emperor, caste, or planet. The translator says, rather slyly, that only a cultivated audience can appreciate Indian "actor's

The Pig's Food Habits.

We must all (says the Pall Mall Gazette) make our apologies to the pig, who has been grossly maligned in regard to his food. Instead of being ready to eat anything, he turns out to be the most fastidious of animals. Experiments have been made in France and Sweden which show this to be the case, and in the latter country the record tells us that out of 575 plants the goat eats 449 and refuses 126; the sheep out of 528 plants eats 387 and refuses 141; out of 494 plants the cow eats 276 and refuses 218; out of 474 plants the horse cats 262 and refuses 212; and the pig out of 243 plants ent: 72 and refuses 171.

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all quiet your cough, soothe the inammation of a sore throat and lungs, top irritation in the bronchial tubes, spiring a good night's rest, free from ughing and with easy expectoration in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in oullding up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civil-

Has a Job He Can't Quit. Jim Garry believes that if you don't like a job, quit the job. Jim enlisted in the Sixth regiment and soldiered for 17 days, when he got leave to go home. A few days later the Sixth got back Jim's uniform, and the whole outfit. A note accompanied it. It read:

"I've thought it over and decided I don't want to be a soldler. So I quit ow. My outfit is on the way."

But the soldier's job is one job you an't quit when you want to. So Jim is back in the ranks, trying to like it. -Toledo News-Bee.

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A Loony Couple. "They say Boggs is crazy on the subject of golf and his wife is equally

crazy over auction sales." "Yes, and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night a lodger in the next flat heard Boggs shout 'Fore!' and immediately Mrs. Boggs yelled 'Four and a quarter !

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the diges-tive processes to function naturally. Adv.

Their Favorite Wine.

"An American 'Sammie' is as fond of his wine as a German soldier," I remarked to an old sailor friend.

"Yes," he agreed, 'but an American sallor doesn't like the same kind of wine that a German sailor likes."

"Why, how's that, uncle?" I asked. "Well, you see," he answered with a chuckle, "the German sailors like to stick to 'port.' "

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The Elusive Cook.

"I see the army is advertising for fashion?" cooks, with a proviso that they need not ealist for any stipulated time." "Shows they understand the nature of cooks, all right enough."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels. Ad.

Distant.

"Is your wife hard to please?" "I don't know; I have never reached that stage."- Judge.

The less a man says the more guessing his wife has to do.



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and sure. The \$1 size is twice the quantity and an ounce
more than the 50c size. Get your horses in best condition
for late fall and winter. All druggists, harness dealers or manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind.

Not Original at All. It is recorded that a certain literary man of high reputation bad occasion to remark to a waiter in the restaurant where he sometimes lunches: "Waiter, this beefsteak is not at all tender; I can hardly cut it."

The waiter looked at him with a

"Perhaps you will tell me," said the literary man, "why you sigh in that

"Ah, sir," said the waiter, "I took you for a man who always wrote and said original things, and here you come and say the same thing that all the rest of the customers do."

With Reservations.

"Do you care for jam?" "On the supper table, but not in the rolley cars."

Run for office and read the opposition newspapers if you would see yourself as others see you.

The defeated candidate always hates to meet the sympathizing friend.

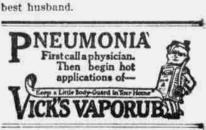
Expert Knowledge.

The other day two little fellows of seven and eight years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The sevenyear-old boy listened intently to the conversation with the older boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly:

"You don't know what a skeleton is and I de "So do I," returned the youngster, "I do know. I know for certain, I

"Well, what is it?" "It's bones with the people off."-Pearson's Weekly.

Of course the good loser makes the



W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 44-1917.

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